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Revenge?

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Revenge?

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Abstract

REMEMBER the first time? We were walking in the snow and your hand was warm through the wool of my mitten. She passed us, smiled, and spoke...

Revenge?

Ann Roseboom

REMEMBER the first time? We were walking in the snow and your hand was warm through the wool of my mitten. She passed us, smiled, and spoke. I didn't know. I just wondered. You stopped and looked down at me a thoughtful minute, your coat collar high around your ears and the streetlight haloing your snow-frosted hair.

"Why, darling," you laughed; "you're jealous." You touched my cheek with a gentle hand and laughed. I didn't laugh. I couldn't see what you were laughing at. Then I couldn't see your face because I was crying, because I knew you were laughing at me. You kissed away my tears and you didn't answer.

There were other times too, and then tonight. I didn't really care. I just asked about your exchange. I didn't ask if you took her home or if you kissed her, but you were afraid I was going to, weren't you? Your laughter gave you away, darling, you know. It was too ready and too gay. I didn't cry this time, but I won't forget. Oh, of course, I'll still wear your pin and all of that.

But, I wonder. Was it my dearest friend that laughed and said, "Little girls shouldn't ask so many questions"? You'll be sorry because you laughed and said that, but you won't laugh at me again. Come now, darling, and dance with me. The music is low and throbbing. Hold me close against you and lay your hot cheek against the coolness of my forehead. We'll murmur the words of the song together.

I'll wear my prettiest sweaters and comb my hair the way you like it. I'll be very gay. I'll flirt with your friends and say clever things to amuse you. You won't catch me asking questions. I won't hear our whispering friends or notice strange lipstick on your handkerchief. I'll be very clever and sweet and sly and smooth, and, of course, I'll still love you and all of that.

We'll do our chem problems in the "lib" and linger together along the darkened path home. You'll kiss me in the shadows and our kisses will be warm and compelling. You'll tell me that you love me and I'll believe you, because I'll always believe you, but

some night, maybe next year or maybe even tomorrow, darling,
you'll come for me and I'll be gone. Then I'll laugh and watch
you search for me.



Lament

Phyllis Wendt

The walls are close and the ceilings low that hold the voices.
Sad words filter through the door jambs,
Mourning a young sinner.

The screen door squeaks, but doesn't slam,
And a form disappears down the coral rock road
Toward the tall grass and the trees where the wind sings through.

Has anyone seen a lost soul
Wandering around in its bare feet?

